

Heroes of Old

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Summary: Heroes from Halo's past speak. One fic Re-updated because I forgot Jun AHHHHHHHHHHH!

Heroes of Old

The Heroes Speak

I have fought for my nation dozens of times over. I have faced Death in thousands of different and equally lethal ways. I have seen my fellow comrades disfigured, injured and killed in many different ways, shapes, and forms. I was trained at an early age, and the works of my labor came to fruition. My fellow brothers and sisters in arms have fought side by side with me. Now, many of them have fallen. Save a few, I am the last of them. I am the last of a super-soldier project named after the mighty warriors of Ancient Greece. My name is Serria 117, known to several as John, and I am the last SPARTAN II. I've been out of the fight for far too long.

I have fought tirelessly for the home me and my fellow SPARTANS II had. I fought those dirty Covenant bastards tooth and nail, for every inch of ground we had. But it wasn't enough. That super carrier made the difference; one that got me here. I was ready to die for my home, as were my other SPARTANS II. But now, I have more to fight for. I have entire species to fight for, and I will die again if necessary. My name is SPARTAN Jorge-052/Noble Five, and I am going hunting for war.

SPARTANS. These unique men and women have served their nation well. They have served with unwavering faith and dedication. We once had 75. 75 brothers and sisters whom we could share our troubles with, are all gone. Save a few. I once led forces in a ground assault that led to the discovery of the Covenant on the planet of Reach. That's when everything went down hill. I lost a good team on Reach, and I lost my home. I had two left when I died: Emile-A239/Noble Four and SPARTAN-B312/Noble Six. I dived into a Scarab class Assault Platform

to keep them alive. But I am here now, and I need to find my team. My name is Carter-A259/Noble One, and I am on a manhunt.

I have lived through plasma fire, Warthog, Falcon, and Mongoose crashes. And I lost an arm in one of those crashes. Yet I get taken out by one, tiny needle. How pathetic is that for a SPARTAN to end. I had fought for a nation that barley knew me, or any of my brothers or sisters. Yet I fought for them because it was the only thing I knew how to do. Now I am here, wherever here is. I get stuck with these weird, split headed things called, "Salarians." Curious things with a love for science. They are a means to an end. For in my search for my team, anything is legal. My name is Catherine-B320/Kat/Noble Two, and I have something to find.

I've been in through Hell and back to fight the Covenant. I beat their asses and then some but in the end, it was me who kicked the bucket, not them. Well I guess it's only fair, I kill them, and they kill me. I guess the saying, SPARTANS never die, has some literal meaning to it. I landed on some back water world with have a dozen Elite looking things surrounding me. They call themselves, "Turians." I like them; they have a way of fighting that matches mine. I've been trying to figure out where I am, how I got here, and most importantly, when I am. I guess I'll get a little ass-kicking in along the way. My name is Emile-A239/Noble Four, and I'm looking to kick some ass.

I've been shot at, blown up, and stabbed repeatedly by Elites, Brutes, Geth etcetera. I only had so much time to live, and I died doing what we SPARTANS do best: fighting like demons. But now I live again, but with the Geth as friendlies. I've become locked in a synthetic battle, with one side with overwhelming numbers, the other with the brains to take them all on. I'm on some remote, backwater ice planet, and the cold is wearing down on me. But I've received recent evidence to suggest that I have company here, aside from the raging battle here. I've detected the old, six note tune we had when we were training. **\_\*\*Oly Oly Oxen Free, We're All Free\*\*\_**. My name is Jun-A266/Noble Three, and I have a battle to fight.

End  
file.